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## POPULAR TALES.

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### MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

'Hush, Margaret, I see it again! poor little thing how it limps! Hush! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the church yard. Wait one, only one moment, dear sister, and I shall certainly catch it,'—and over the churchyard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam; for that favorite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dew-drops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing the dew-drops, or indeed any thing else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With the eagerness of sixteen, she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she only trod on the sweet wild thyme, or humble daisy; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

'Sister, sister,' repeated she eagerly, 'come! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub-fox before morning.'

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

'One would think you were pacing to a funeral,' said Rose pettishly. 'If you will do nothing else, stand there at least, and—now I have it!' exclaimed she joyously; 'its little heart pants; poor thing! I wonder how it got injured!'

'Stop,' replied her sister, in a low agitated voice; 'you forget—yet how can you forget?—who is it that rests here; who—' She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

'My dear Margaret forgive me! it is ever thus; I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought.'

'Think now, then, Rose, if it be but for a moment; think, that only one little year has passed since he was with us; since his voice, so wise, and yet so sweet, was the music of our cottage; his kindness, the oil and honey of our existence,

Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not, for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and though his heart was broken his last words were, "Lord thy will be done." "My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her hands in devout agony, 'teach me to be like thee.' 'Say *me*, rather,' ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been: 'say, teach Rose to do like thee; you are like our father; but I am nothing! any thing! Oh, Margaret, can you forgive me? There, I'll let the hare go this moment, I'll do any thing you wish: indeed I will.'

'Do not let it go,' replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession; 'it would be ill done to permit any suffering near his grave.' After a brief pause she rose from her knees, and passing her arm through her sister's left the churchyard to its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

'Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met Lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the library, and she took no notice of me.'

'The ban is upon you, and upon us all Rosa,' replied Margaret, turning her pale but beautiful countenance towards her sister—'The ban

of buried hopes  
And prospects faded.

Would to God that that were all; that any sacrifice on my part could pay the debts my poor father in his honest, but wild speculations, incurred. The Calcrafts in Lincoln!—but they are every where. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them.'

'They are friends of Ernest Heathwood's, are they not?'

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied—

'Yes, I believe so; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name.'

'I am ever doing wrong,' murmured poor Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within hers.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the daughters of a ruined merchant; of one, indeed, who had been a prince yesterday, and a beggar to day; of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more; whose name one year would have guaranteed

millions; yet who died the next, wanting a shilling, Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy any thing like the claims made, and justly made upon him. House, plate, jewels, servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered; and they who revelled in superfluities, now wanted the most common necessities. A small jointure alone remained; and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relatives lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support. Her affection for her father would not permit her to leave him to the care of a giddy, childish sister, and her almost idiotic mother; particularly as his health was visibly sinking, and nature appeared unable to repair the inroads of disease. She therefore accepted, most joyfully, the charge of the education of four little girls, her cousins. Her father raised no obstacle to this plan; though his withered cheek flushed, and his hand trembled the first day that he saw his beautiful Margaret quietly arranging and superintending her élèves in the back parlor of their cottage; but her mother's caprice and spirit of contradiction were constant sources of mortification, although they tended still more to draw forth her daughter's virtues; she was never satisfied; always regretting their past splendor, always reproaching poor Margaret with having degraded her family, by condescending to become a school mistress; and yet thoughtlessly squandering her hard earnings on selfish enjoyments. 'This was not all—no one who has only read of 'The delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot,' can form any estimate of the self-denial, the self abasement which must be the portion of an instructress; particularly if she be conscientious in the discharge of her duty. All influences, to be useful, must be exercised with discretion; and alas! it is but a short step from dominion to tyranny. Margaret was obliged to practice as well as preach; and indeed, the one without the other is always unavailing: she had to watch not only herself, but others; so that her maxims might be really useful to those she sought to improve. She wished to make them not only accomplished, but informed; and 'her new system,' as it was called, was subject to many animadversions, both from her relatives and their friends, who, as usual on such occasions, quite forgot what Miss Sunderland had been, in what she was; treated her merely as the governess, and admitted her only as such into their houses. At one of those visits, which she continually shrank from, and only endured as an occasional penance, she met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwittingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a Baronet, who, with his new honors, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat Aristocratic name was a likely person to attract the attention, and win the civilities of all within his sphere; and he was welcomed to the mansion of one of Miss Sunderland's relatives with extraordinary courtesy. Margaret, always collected, always dignified, neither sought nor avoided his attentions; but silently suffered all the little manœuvres of second-rate country town society to take their course. The anxiety that some mothers evinced, to crowd a tribe of ill-dressed daughters to a tuneless piano, and there show off their skill in the various departments of first, second, and third harmony; while others contented them-

selves with exhibiting the more quiet, and consequently more endurable litter of card drawings and Poonah painting, could only excite a feeling of pity in such a mind as Margaret's. Pity that woman should so thoroughly mistake the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to be the mistress of a puppet show; and something more severe than pity, towards the other sex, who outwardly encourage, while they inwardly despise such petty traps of slavery! 'An age,' reflected Margaret, 'which values itself on caricature, parody, or burlesque, can produce little that is sublime, either in genius or virtue. Yet those qualities, and the display of imperfect, and in nine cases out of ten, most senseless accomplishments, amuse; and we live in an age that must be amused, though our best and noblest feelings pay the forfeiture;' and she employed her slender fingers with tenfold care to build up the card castle which her little pupil, Cicely, had thrown down.

'It is abominable' whispered her sister, 'to hear such bad music, while you could give us so much that is good.' A quiet motion of Margaret's finger to her lips prevented further observation; and the card castle bade fair to mount three stories high, when suddenly Ernest Heathwood turned round, and addressing himself to the fair architect, asked 'if now she would favour them, for he was sure she could.' 'Oh, yes,' observed one of the Dowagers, 'of course Miss Sunderland can and will; she teaches so well, that she must be a proficient.' Some feeling of pride, perhaps, for it will linger, despite our better judgment called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that, were she not only a governess, the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as hopeless; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant; and a governess! the thing was impossible; quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's, 'All that's bright must fade,' it is impossible to say; but a thrill amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines.

Who would seek or prize  
Delights that end in aching?  
Who would trust to ties  
That every hour are breaking.

Then it was that Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul; and felt that she must indeed have known change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from the lips of beauty; but more dangerous from those of feeling: the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest, but admiration, and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared unkindly, communicated to him, by her relative, the next day, with the additional intelligence, that her father had been seized only that morning with paralysis; and little hopes were entertained of his recovery! He called constantly at the cottage; but it was not until some time after the bereavement which Margaret, above all, lamented, that he saw the being that had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances, which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart. The incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them unfit companions for



the high-minded Margaret; and she might well be pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage, as the time, when freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be indeed sad and unsatisfied: she was not, like many other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly converse, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently, but surely, implanting itself in her bosom: and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed away without any of what we call the frippery of love: how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks and sands of female intellect, whenever it was their fortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Amongst the wealthy citizens, many had sought her hand; but she was not to be courted in a golden shower; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that she valued him who had valued her for herself, and herself only; and dreamt the dream that can be dreamt but once.

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality: and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily, so very heavily upon her heart that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant, interrupted her little school, by saying that a gentleman in the parlor wished to speak to her. On entering the room, a short dark elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

'Miss Sunderland, I presume.'

She bowed:—a long pause ensued, which neither seemed willing to interrupt, and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something—she could hardly tell what, made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not displeasing to look upon—the expanded and somewhat elevated brow—the round full eye that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have betokened a kind and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity—the mouth was thin and compressed—the chin lean and short—the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it stubbed and stunted at the end, a rude unfinished piece of workmanship.

'Madam,' he at last commenced, 'you are, I believe acquainted with my son.'

'Sir!'

'My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood.'

Again Margaret replied by bowing.

'I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living he would know me well.'

The word 'Father' was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and

continued in a constrained manner, his lips compressed so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious gaze.

'I have every respect for you Miss Sunderland; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) I cannot prevent his having, but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent; forgive me, young lady, I esteem your character, I—I—' he raised his eyes, and the death-like hue of Margaret's features seemed, for the first time, to impress him with the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling: 'Good God, Miss Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really love Ernest.'

'Whatever my sentiments, Sir, may be towards your son,' she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, 'I would never entail beggary on him.'

'Well spoken, faith; and I am sure Miss Sunderland, that—had you—in short you must be aware that this is a very delicate subject,—but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England—You see, (he persisted, assuming a tone of low-bred confidence,) I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses, perhaps you know that?' he paused for a reply which Margaret could not give. 'These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so: if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require, and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time; there is but one way to obtain it; you would not—(here the man of rank forgot himself in the husband and father,) you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair entail ruin on me and mine. Ernest has two sisters and a mother, Miss Sunderland.'

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and, as she endeavored to move to the open window, she must have fallen but for the support which Sir Thomas Heathwood afforded her.

'I will never bring ruin on any one, (said she at last :) what is it you require of me?'

'To write and reject, fully and entirely my son's addresses, and never, never, see him more.'

'This Sir, I cannot do; I will see him once more for the last time, this evening. I will practise no deceit, but will tell him what is necessary: there, Sir, you have my word, and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sin of poverty.'

Well might the old baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self denying girl; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with the most sweet odor; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a tranquil

hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity. 'I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this,' said she, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of a withered beech tree for support; the next moment Ernest was at her side.

'And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast me off forever; you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have often said, that a union unhallowed by affection was indeed unholy: is this consistency?'

'I came not here to reason but to part from you; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name.'

'Riches!' repeated her lover, (like all lovers,) contemptuously; 'with you I should not need them.'

'But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered,' she added with unwonted asperity, 'that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence.'

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty to heed his arguments, and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she had made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, (though he knew it to be untrue at the time,) that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt; yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her blessing, and assure him that though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith.—Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale cheek would have told him too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill-fitted to go through her daily labors as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill-temper.

'Yes, it's a pretty little thing; what loves of eyes it has, and such nice long ears? but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence, there was no silver in your purse, and the post-boy came here and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how very impudent these fellows are—so—'

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying that she left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

'Ay, very true, so you did, but a woman called with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity of treating myself to a little article of dress, that I used them, it was

so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, and so lovely a border of double hem stitch, and the corners worked the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!'

'And did the letter really go back, mother?'

'I wish you would not call me mother; it is so vulgar! every one says mamma, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's to borrow half-a-crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out,—had my purse,—and would repay it to-morrow morning.'

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter, and withdrew to her chamber. 'I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house; I know not where to get a shilling till next week.'

'Rose,' said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bed-room, 'come hither: sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London.'

'What a vulgar looking letter!—such coarse paper and such a scribbely scrabbely hand!' Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end, and then with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms. 'Margaret, dear Margaret, to think of your taking it so quietly, when I—my dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses. We shall be rich; more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest; dear, kind Ernest; and we can live in London and keep our carriage, and, Oh, Margaret I am so happy! let us tell our mother; *mamma*; I beg her pardon; and you shall give up your pupils: dear, beautiful letter! let me read it again!' and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

'It is better *not* to mention this to our mother I think,' said Margaret, when her sister's ecstasies had in some degree subsided: 'and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence, though I know she will endeavor to thwart my resolves; yet—'

'Thwart your resolves!' repeated Rose in astonishment: 'why what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest and be as happy as the day is long?'

'I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood,' replied her sister in a trembling voice, 'though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world.'

'I cannot pretend to understand you,' said Rose; 'but do let me go and make mamma acquainted with our unlooked for prosperity;' and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly bad terms with all his relatives, and their family more particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece Margaret, who, in the words of this singular testament, 'had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex.' There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstasies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils a holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Margaret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for about two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied by a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her lover had last met.

'I am sure she will not be angry,—it will be an



agreeable surprise, and mamma won't be home for a long time,' said Rose: 'I will open the parlor door, and—'

'There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included,' interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

'You are unjust, sir,' replied her sister, as they entered the cottage; and in another instant Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow, had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her, if she attributed his visit to interested motives. 'No,' she replied, 'not so; I hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you! I tell you now, as I told you when last we met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which, in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin.'

'But, Margaret,' interrupted Rose, as was her wont, 'there is no fear of poverty now; and Sir Thomas himself said that with even a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women.'

'I have not even a moderate fortune,' replied the noble minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account-books which she had been examining—'you, Mr. Heathwood will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes, as they might be, for good or evil.'

'And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity,' said Ernest eagerly.

'I believe you think so, and I thank you,' she replied, while the flush of gratified feeling passed over her fine features. 'And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery; for many trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed,—I meant not that,' she added hastily; 'he did not betray;—but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes or ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell, overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed, now cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only I was witness to. To the very uttermost,—even the ring from his finger, he gave cheerfully to his creditors; there was no reverse on his part, all, all was sacrificed. Yet like the daughters of the Horse-leech, the cry was still, "give! give!" and she added, with a trembling voice, at last he did give—even his existence! And I, who knew so well the honor of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house, because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice.'

'In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin—decay had been merciful; it had spared his features to the last—and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scornings of a selfish world had graven on his brow—but, oh God! how perfectly did I feel in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay; yet I clung with almost childish infatuation to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the grey mist of morning found me in the same spot—it was then, as the light mingled with, and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered into a com-

pact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfilment of those engagements, which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise, and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling prospect of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I did form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

'Ernest, for this I have suffered; and must suffer more. I have gone over those books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many, many thousands now my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is enough—again, I say, may you be happy with your dowered bride, and remember that the one consolation—the only one that can support me under this separation, is that I have done my duty.' Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution, as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that the lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance. Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret's noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feelings, so it might be called) with an energy, which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time had been twice disappointed, in her hopes both of a fortune, and a wedding, was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood under any circumstances to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother's tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret's purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure.

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother's complainings; and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with anything bordering on affection. Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavouring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly, unknowingly, it may be, hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea, that she was no longer thought of. And he had left her too, without that sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All business affairs were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered among the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the usual sound of carriage wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket gate and take the path leading to the cottage.

'I told you Miss Sunderland,' commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation, but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, 'that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit and save my family from distress. I told you, that I wished my son

to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride.

'Sir!'—said Margaret.

'Yes, Madam, I was your father's largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing dishonourable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son's being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it a marriage portion; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son's happiness.'

'How is this?' exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, 'I cannot understand—the name.'

'Our original name was Simmons,' explained Ernest eagerly, 'but knowing all the circumstances, I never told you, I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct; and now that your trials are passed, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me.'

'Who said I doubted?' inquired Margaret.

'Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes to answer for her apostacy.'

'Nay, dearest sister,' exclaimed the laughing girl, 'it was only the last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlessness of another who for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret's virtues would never have shown with so dazzling yet steady a light.'

'True, Rose,' spoken like an angel; 'I never thought you wise before; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle may descend upon you,' said Ernest.

'I think she had better share it with you: and I only hope that Margaret—She may want it for herself continued she archly; who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage.'

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it; his sense, his thought, his heart were fixed upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur—'The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE CLOUD AND THE MOUNTAIN.

It was evening and the burning sun was going down beneath the west—over the blue summit of a noble mountain, that defined with its clear and forcible outline the eastern horizon, rested a bright and glorious cloud. Its snowy pinions were extended, and on its front the dying sunset lingered with a mellowed yet celestial lustre—it was fair and beautiful—it seemed a spirit full of light. And the mountain said to the cloud, 'delightful visitant, come to my embrace—I will shelter thee among my leafy pavilions, and spread thy bosom with flowers—Come—be thou mine'—And the mountain dilated its form, and the high oaks lifted their hands to receive it, but, lo! it passed away, and a dismal breeze wailed among the trees of the forest. And, thus, thought I, man graspeth after shadows, which elude pursuit, and leave but a desolate echo to mock the agony of his spirit.

P.

## CURIOUS CASE AND OPINION.

'A Lady of large property was engaged to be married on the very day she became of age.' A doubt arose as to the precise day. 'It appeared that she was born after the house clock had struck, and while the parish clock was striking, and before St. Paul's had begun to strike 12, on the night of the 4th of January, 1805. The question was, whether the lady was born on the 4th or 5th of January. The opinion runs thus—'This is a case of great importance and some novelty—the testimony of the house clock is, I think, applicable only to domestic, merely culinary purposes. It is the guide of the cook with reference to the dinner hour; but it cannot be received as evidence of the birth of a child. The clock at the next house goes slower or faster, and a child born at the next house the same moment, may, according to the clock at the next house, be born on a different day.' 'The parochial clock is much better evidence; and I should think it ought to be received, if there were no better; but it is not to be put in competition with the metropolitan clock. Where that is present, it is to be received with implicit acquiescence. I am, therefore, of opinion, that Miss Emma G. was born on the 4th of January, 1805, and that she will attain her majority the instant St. Paul's clock strikes 12, on the night of the 3d of January, 1826.'—*Law Magazine.*

*On the Fence! or making sure.*—during the war betwixt Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony, when all the world stood wondering and uncertain which way Fortune would incline herself, a poor man at Rome in order to be prepared for making, in either event, a bold hit for his own advancement, had recourse to the following ingenious expedient. He applied himself to the training of two crows, with such diligence, that he brought them at length to pronouncing with great distinctness, the one a salutation to Cæsar, the other a salutation to Antony. When Cæsar returned conqueror, the man went out to meet him, with the crow suited to the occasion perched on his fist, and every now and then it kept exclaiming 'Salve Cæsar, Victor, Imperator!' [Hail Cæsar, Conqueror and Emperor.] Augustus, greatly delighted with so novel a circumstance, purchased the bird of the man, which immediately raised him to opulence.'

*Napoleon's Letters* were not only miserably written, as every body knows, and sometimes not very correctly spelled, but were moreover bedaubed all over with large blotches; for he had a practice of dipping his pen into the inkholder at every word, and throwing the superfluous liquid on his paper. So much was this the case, that a lady attached to the imperial household, seeing Josephine, as she stood behind her chair, reading letters announced as coming from the Emperor, and being short-sighted, relates that for a long while she conceived the correspondence to consist chiefly of sketches and maps in miniature; and got very heartily laughed at, upon inquiring concerning there supposed specimens in geography and the fine arts.—*Mem. of Josephine.*

A fair fashionable, lately united to one of the most dashing dandies of the day, having cause to complain of neglectful behaviour, the bridegroom replied, 'Have patience, my dear; I am like the prodigal son, and will reform by-and-by.' 'And I, sir,' replied the spirited bride, 'will also be like



the prodigal son.' 'In what particular, madam?' 'I will arise, and go unto my father.' She left the house the same morning.

**A Short Courtship.**—A certain old gentleman being desirous that his son Patrick should commit matrimony.—Accordingly dressed up Pat, and directed him to M——s. On arriving at the gate, Pat. cried out in an audible voice, 'Hulloo the house!' the lady very deliberately approached the door, looking in a very bad mood for courting, asked of him his business, Pat, bawled out, 'will you have me for a wife,' the lady replied, 'no sir.' 'Well I told daddy so, but he would have me to call up tho'!!!'

The clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman. The clerk, immediately, as the sermon was ended, rising up, called out, 'I'm desir'd to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L—— is going a fishing with another clergyman.' Mr. L——, of course, corrected the awkward yet amusing blunder.

A Lincolnshire man observed in company, that in some parts of the county of Lincoln the soil was so prolific, that if you turned a horse into a new mown field at night, the grass would be grown up to his fetlocks next morning! 'Pshaw!' says a Yorkshireman, 'if you turn a horse into a new mown field at night in our country, you can't find him next morning!'

Louis XIV.—The death of his queen affected him in the severest degree. 'Good God!' said he, when his attendant forced him away from her lifeless body, 'is it possible that the queen is dead? and that I must forever lose her, who never gave me pain but when she died?' It is not easy to pronounce a funeral oration in fewer words.

A quarrelsome French officer, lately travelling one of the boulevards at Paris, observed a person turn towards him and laugh; upon which he haughtily asked—'Why do you laugh, sir, when I pass?' To which the other quickly rejoined—'Why do you pass sir, when I laugh?'

A gentleman, being forced to sell a pair of his oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him he would serve him for more of his cattle. 'But what shall I do,' said the master, 'when all my cattle are gone?' The servant replied, 'You shall then serve me, and so you will get your cattle again.'

A gentleman of considerable sense and knowledge of the world, being asked whether a man possessing genius without perseverance and stability, or one of a dull but assiduous character, was the more likely to prove successful in life, replied that it was a difficult question to decide, since it was impossible to throw a *straw* to a great distance, and almost equally the case with a ton.

A respectable physician in New-York was stopped lately by a person who wished to pay him a dollar which he had been good enough to lend him some time previous. The doctor did not recollect of his having lent the money, but being assured he had

and the man pressing the payment, he gave the change for a three dollar bill. Upon examination the bill proved to be counterfeit.

The following—says a New-York paper—was taken on Friday morning, from the keyhole of a shut-up shop:

Not Cholera-sick, nor Cholera-dead;  
But, out of fright, from Cholera fled:—  
Will soon return, when Cholera's over,  
If from his fright he should recover.

A bricklayer, who was working at the top of a house, happened to fall through the rafters, and, not being hurt, he bounced up, and cried with a triumphant tone to his fellow-laborers, 'I defy any man to go through his work as quick as I did.'

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832.

**Poems, by Miss H. F. Gould.**—This little volume recently published by Hilliard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, Boston, will no doubt be considered as a treat by all lovers of true poetry. We have always admired Miss Gould's fugitive pieces, and judging, not from the book for we have not read it, but from what we have seen of her writings, we most cheerfully recommend it to our readers, being confident they will find it a work of more than ordinary merit.

**The Amaranth.**—We have received the first number of a neatly printed semi-monthly journal, bearing this title, published at East Bridgewater, Mass. Its columns are devoted to literature and contain much interesting matter, both original and selected.

**The Northern Farmer.**—This is another new periodical, published at Newport, N. H. It is to be published semi-monthly and will be chiefly devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and Domestic Economy.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending July 25th.

A. Burr, P. M. Broadalbin, N. Y. \$2; S. G. Hadley, Hallenbeck's, Ms. \$4; G. E. Peck, P. M. Marathon, N. Y. \$1; J. J. Stevens, Whitehall, N. Y. \$1; C. Smith, Athol, Ms. \$1; O. Bullard, Henderson, N. Y. \$1; O. P. Starky, P. M. Cape Vincent, N. Y. \$1; S. Allen, P. M. Copenhagen, N. Y. \$1; Z. Marsh, Gorton, N. Y. \$6; C. F. Mallary, Berlin, N. Y. \$1; B. Cadwell, Tolland, Ct. \$1; Z. T. McLuskey, P. M. Slaterville, N. Y. \$1; S. Fay, P. M. Southborough, Ms. \$5; T. R. Greene, Waterford, Ms. \$2; S. Standish, Jun. P. M. North Granville N. Y. \$1; J. Pinney, P. M. Greensboro' Vt. \$5; N. Smith, Augusta, Ga. \$10; W. Dusenbury, Whitestown, N. Y. \$3; H. M. Peck, Pittsfield, Ms. \$1; A. Wright, P. M. Columbus, N. Y. \$2; J. Labhart, Constantia, N. Y. \$1; L. Bryant, P. M. Meriden, N. H. \$2; D. Kellogg, Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1; G. Morgan, P. M. S. Oxford, N. Y. \$1; H. Brownell, Catskill, N. Y. \$1.50; D. Dryer, Victor, N. Y. \$1; A. Steere, Chepachet, R. I. \$1; J. H. Sanderson, Sandgate, Vt. \$1.

### SUMMARY,

**Chaubert's Cure for a Burn.**—Scrape the inside of a potatoe, add sweet oil and turpentine so as to make a poultice of the mixture, apply it immediately, and it will extract the heat.

**Value of Labor.**—A pound of iron, which costs eight cents, if wrought into hair springs for watches, becomes worth six thousand dollars.

The number of emigrants arrived at Quebec to the 7th inst. is 34,557.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on Sunday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richard's, Mr. Isaac Grout, to Miss Ursula Wells, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Mr. John De Golyer, to Miss Mary A. Kilborne.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. James Webster, to Miss Elizabeth Bowman.

### DIED,

At New-York, on the 12th inst. of Cholera, Alexander M. Muir, Commissary General of this State, in the 40th year of his age.

## POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## EVENING THOUGHTS—DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

It is the mem'ry-waking hour of eve,  
 And yon bright twinkling star to me recalls,  
 The thought of those departed hours of bliss,  
 When at this silent hour—with friends now dead  
 I gazed upon its beauty—and felt blessed;  
 When life, as clear and pure appeared to me  
 As yonder silvery ray, when lovely night,  
 In beauty o'er her starry gilded path,  
 Drives forth her ebon car. Beneath the shade  
 Of this wide elm, upon this grass grown bank,  
 We loved to listen to the sweet-toned thrush,  
 As loud she caroled to the setting sun;—  
 And view the last beam of departing day,  
 Or gaze upon the coy moon, as she hid  
 Her modest face behind a wandering cloud.  
 This vale an Eden then appeared to me;  
 'Twas when the fount of youthful joys was clear  
 Unchanged as yet by the cold heartless world;  
 Hope for the future cheered, and no unblest  
 Remembrance dimmed the vista of the past.  
 But, time has now disclosed those cheating dreams,  
 Those halcyon hours are fled, the world is not  
 The paradise my youthful thought had deemed  
 And must I think that bliss must ever thus  
 Be sought in vain? No. I will woo back *Hope*  
 And *hoping* yet be blessed—and profit from  
 The cherished past—'each pleasure now no more.'  
 Times have changed much—where now are those who trod  
 With me youth's violet paths? Oh! they are gone  
 Many to their last silent, dreamless sleep,  
 And some, alas! beyond the distant wave;  
 And I am left a solitary one,  
 Alone to ponder o'er the memory of those days  
 Whose joys around existence weave their bloom,  
 Which like the notes of distant music sweet,  
 Enhance their charms by coming from afar.—  
 May these few lines remind you of your friend  
 When far away—or yet perchance no more!

PIERRE.

## THE DECLARATION.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I left the ball, as late it wore,  
 And glad to be in her boudoir,  
 From surveillance exempt, I  
 Gazed on the books she last had read,  
 The chair her form had hallowed,  
 And grieved that it was empty,  
 And sleep his web was round me weaving  
 While listening to that wind harp's breathing,  
 Whose melody so wild is,  
 When one whose charms are not of earth,  
 (Her father just a *plum* is worth,  
 And she his only child is)  
 With stealthy step before me stood,  
 As if to kiss, in madcap mood,  
 My eyes in slumber folded.  
 Her form was large—too large you'd say,  
 Yet knew not whence to pare away,  
 So finely was it moulded.  
 Her eyes were of a liquid blue,  
 Like sapphires limpid water through  
 Their softened lustre darting:  
 Her mind-illumined brow was white  
 As snow drift in the pale moonlight;  
 The hair across it parting  
 Was of that paly brown we're told  
 By poets takes a tinge of gold  
 When sunbeams through it tremble,  
 While round her mouth two dimples played  
 Like—nothing e'er on earth was made  
 Those dimples to resemble.

And there she stood in girlish glee  
 To win a pair of gloves, or see

How odd I'd look when waking,  
 When I, her round, her taper waist  
 So unexpectedly, embraced,

The bond there was no breaking.  
 Her swelling bosom heaved at first,  
 As if her boddice through would burst

Its angry little billows,  
 Her eye was fired beneath its lashes  
 As streams on which the lightning flashes  
 Will sparkle through the willows;

But when I loosed the eager grasp  
 In which I to my breast did clasp

Her struggling and unwilling,  
 I felt somehow her fragile fingers,  
 (The tingling in my own yet fingers)  
 Within my pressure thrilling.

I spoke to her—she answered not—  
 I told her—now I scarce know what—

I only do remember  
 My feelings, when in words expressed,  
 Though warm as August in my breast,  
 Seemed colder than December.

But how can words the thoughts express  
 Of love so deep, so measureless

As that which I have cherished?  
 Oh, God! if my seared heart had given  
 The same devotedness to heaven,

It would not thus have perished!  
 I said, 'you know—you must have known  
 I long have loved—loved you alone,

But cannot know how dearly,'  
 I told her if my hopes were crossed,  
 My every aim in life was lost—

She knew I spoke sincerely!  
 She answered—as I breathless knelt,  
 'Nay, move not thus the least,

You have—you long have had'—'Say on,  
 Sweet girl! thy heart?'—'Your foot upon  
 The flounce of my *baltiste*.'

## THE MOON.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
 Whose tearful beam glows tremulously far,  
 That show'st the darkness thou canst not dispel,  
 How like art thou to joys remembered well!  
 So gleams the past, the light of other days,  
 Which shines, but warms not, with its powerless rays;  
 A night beam sorrow watcheth to behold,  
 Distinct, but distant—clear, but O how cold!—*Byron*.

## ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

## PUZZLE I.

One night Maria late would stray,  
 To hear the nightingale's soft lay;  
 But soon fled back, in sore affright,  
 Scar'd by the glowworm's twinkling light.

PUZZLE II.—Because she's fond of the glass.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

It was before the creation; still exists in the depths  
 of the sea, and on the earth; yet a child can destroy it  
 in an instant.

II.

Why will not the aristocracy take Epsom salts?

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